

Survivor

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Summary: Leaf Storm is the daughter of Erik Hunterson, the Chief of the Isle of Blood and the dragon killing vikings. She fell in love with a Night Fury, and has taken refuge on Berk, in hopes of starting a new life as a Dragon Tamer. But what happens when her father and village come looking for her and her new dragon, Onyx. M for language and suggestive themes.

1. Leaf Storm

****Welcome to my newest story. I love watching ****How to Train Your Dragon**** even though I don't own it or the characters. This is going to sound like a novel at first, but I just want to get the background story out of the way before we get to the juicy parts! :P So let's get started.****

****The Isle of Blood****

****Leaf's POV****

*** * ***

><p>It's not everyday that the best viking, known for killing dragons, fall in love with one, in the bond sort of way. I am known as the best viking because I killed a Monstrous Nightmare when I was only three years old. Of course, my parents killed Monstrous Nightmares for years. My dad, Erik Hunterson, has been killing dragons since he was 7 months old and my mom, Echo Hunterson, was slaying dragons since one year old. My parents think that the only reason I took as long as I did was because I was "perfecting my craft". I don't think that was it.<p>

Anyway, my name is Leaf Storm and I'm part of the viking clan of the Isle of Blood. It use to be called the Isle of Unfortunate Disasters, but Isle of Blood sounds better. We've been killing dragons ever since we first came to the Isle. We use to be close allies to the vikings from Berk, but they became "Dragon-lovers". When we first saw

the Berk vikings come to our isle riding dragons, we broke off the alliance, telling them that dragons are suppose to be killed, not ridden upon.

That's when I saw my first Night Fury. The chief's son, Hiccup, came ridding on a black dragon, that he called "Toothless". A very odd name, but it kinda fitted the dragon. When I saw Toothless, my heart tried to fly out of my chest. His black scales, the color of night itself, and the way he flew. The grace and precision of a eagle, even with a human helping him fly.

Seeing that dragon's could be tamed, I wanted to move to Berk, but I knew where I belonged. I couldn't just get up and leave, my clan would kill before I could even step foot off the isle. So, I kept the feelings to myself, and moved into the forest that was a mile away from the village. I built the house by myself, and made it a home. I still would go to the village for weapons and such, but mostly for pages and writing utensils. But I'm getting into too much detail.

* * *

><p>When I first saw my dragon, I fell head over heels.
Literally.<p>

I sat next to the fire I built outside of my home, a low fire, so I could still see the stars and know which way was which. I climb a nearby tree to look at the stars better. A few of them looked to be dying and I wanted to see if I was correct.

Then I heard movement below me. I looked down and saw a beautiful shade of black next to the fire. A Night Fury. When I saw her midnight scales, I fell from the tree, and landed next to her. I startled her and she jumped across the fire pit, and started to growl, showing sharp teeth.

I was so terrified that all I could do was lift up my hand and look away. I don't really know why I did it. I just knew I had to show that I wasn't a threat. And if she was going to kill me, I would rather it be done by a beautiful dragon like herself.

But I didn't die. Instead I felt the cool touch of scales against my palm. I looked up to see the closed eyes of the Night Fury, as her snout was pressed against my hand. When she opened her eyes, they were a lovely shade of sapphire, and her pupils were huge. But when she noticed I was looking, her pupils turned into slits, and she ran off.

After that, I would place fish out for her, later finding out that dragons don't like eels. I never told anyone of my secret, they would kill me and the Night Fury. Everytime I went into the village for supplies, I was dragged to the killing stadium, to show younger vikings how to kill different types of dragons. I didn't want to, but if I didn't my secret would soon be discovered.

I killed Gronkles, Natters, and even Terrible Terrors while I would study and later become friends with the Night Fury.

* * *

><p>I named my Night Fury Onyx, because of her scales. I found

several onyx stones, and when I brought them back, Onyx notice them and blasted them when I set them in a iron pot. They melted, and so I add iron to the mix and created a mixture, which made a strong sword.<p>

The sword was black with specks of silver to make look like it was made using the night sky. I never used it on any of the dragons from the killing stadium or near my home. Only to help me hunt.

After naming Onyx, and making my Night Sword. I was walking through the forest with Onyx and my fiancée, Brock, came to see me. Now, Brock is my parents favorite viking, practically part of the family, so they saw to reason to be-trove Brock and I. But I never liked him, he is selfish and cruel and very full of himself. And I'm getting ahead of myself again.

So anyway, Brock was looking for me, and I didn't want him to see me and Onyx, so we fled. We past tree after tree, until we came to a cliff next to the ocean. I slipped on some loose dirt and fell. Onyx followed me and we flew through the sky. It took my breathe away. Later on, I got a ton of leather and iron ore from the blacksmith's and made Onyx a saddle for me to ride.

We would fly through the clouds in the morning and evening, and fly under the stars at night. We became one as we flew from the top of the isle, down to the beach on the opposite side of the island. I would meet all sorts of unique dragons, come harmless, and some not so much. But no matter what I knew I could depend of Onyx to keep me safe.

I would take pieces of parchment with me as we flew around the isle, and even to places I've never been. I would write down things that I learned, as well as the many dragons I came to meet. Since I live in the wilderness, no one came by looking for me, so no one got suspicious when I was gone from town for a couple of days, Father always said I was probably out on a one-man dragon hunt.

* * *

><p>There was one day where my secret was almost discovered.<p>

Brock came to my house in the morning while I was flying overhead with Onyx. When I saw Brock's blood red hair, under his helmet, through the green leaves, I hurried and landed Onyx on the roof, making sure to be on the furthestmost part, where Brock could not see. I jumped from the treetops down to the front porch of my home, where I met Brock.

"What do you think you are doing here?" I asked, my hand on my sword, almost hoping for a chance to slit his throat.

"What? Can I not see my future bride?" Brock laughed before forcing me into an almost death grip. "I also came to see what kind of place you're living at."

"You can't come in," I said quickly, blocking my door. "Laundry day, house's a mess."

"Oh, come on," Brock cooed, "how bad could it be?"

"A dragon found its way into my house," I quickly made an excuse. "I killed it and disposed of it."

"What?" Brock looked shocked. "Why didn't you tell anyone?"

"Hello?!" I knocked on his helmet, "if anyone knew that a dragon came into _my_ home, I would be the laughing stock. Since I'm the best dragon slayer, it was embarrassing to have a dragon come into _my_ house, like he own the place."

"Well, what kind of dragon was it?" Brock inquired, inching closer to the door.

I shoved him away before saying, "A Nadder. It tore my stuff to shreds, including some of my armor."

"Why haven't you gone into town for new armor?"

He may be thick headed, but he knew how to ask the right questions to make me think long and hard.

"I-I went out to hunt for more dragons," I stammered. "Wanted to make sure that those stupid dragons knew their place."

"That's my girl," Brock cooed again, before forcing his lips onto mine.

Normally, a kiss should be beautiful, but Brock tasted as though he kissed a pig's behind, and then got lick my a yak on the mouth. Not a peasant taste.

I quickly pulled apart from him and said, "Piss off, Brock. I don't need you here."

"I'll be back, my sweet," Brock gripped a fist full of my hair. "And you better learn some manners, before I injure that precious face of yours."

Brock let go of me, and turned and walked down the path away from my house. Breathing a sigh of relief, once Brock vanished from view, I went into my house, when Onyx was waiting for me, eyes turned into silts.

"Don't like him either, eh?" I laughed, Onyx nudging my face to comfort me. "Let's eat."

* * *

><p>That wasn't the only time Onyx and I almost got caught. There were many times where different vikings came to my home to inquire how I killed so many dragons, or if I could teach them some of the moves I used to slay many of the dragons that I killed.<p>

Each time, I had to shoo Onyx away or force her into my basement that held all of my information about dragons. It became a secret chamber of mine, since many vikings were visiting me almost on a weekly basis. Erik and his wife would come to see how I was doing and if I beat my record, 25 dragons in one day. Each time I would say no, and

that I was doing fine, and tried to make them leave as soon as possible.

Times like those made it almost impossible for Onyx and I to go flying. But at least I wasn't alone anymore. And yet, thinking that I could live with Onyx on the same isle as the dragon-killers was not my finest hour.

* * *

><p>Onyx and I did get caught being together. And who other to caught us than my ex-fiance, Brock.<p>

You see, Onyx and I were hanging on the roof of my home, when we heard footsteps coming towards us from the direction of the village. There was a fire in front of my house, so I could see who was walking down the path. And of course I groaned in displeasure at the sight of Brock walking up to my front door.

"Stay here," I whispered to Onyx, who's eyes turned into slits at Brock's appearance.

I slid down to the open window of my bedroom, crept downstairs with a hatchet in hand, and walked slowly to the door. I waited for Brock to knock, or to at least call my name, but the door creaked open to fill the room full of moonlight.

I hurried hid in the rafters above Brock, and watched as he roamed around the front room, looking for something. I watched as he turned over furniture, careful to put back to its original place, and flipping through many of my papers that I let lie on the table, mentally sighing a breathe of relief that I moved everything connected with dragons into my hidden room.

Brock soon started to make his way upstairs, and I quickly went through an entrance hole I made, for Onyx, into my room. I hurried and crept into my bed just as Brock peaked his head into my room. I focused on keeping my breath even as Brock made his way around my room. I forced myself to relax as he set himself on my bed, I could feel his face was a few inches from mine.

I keep still as Brock forced his lips on my in a simple way, shifting myself afterwards trying to convince him to leave.

"Ah, my soon-to-be-bride," Brock cooed, brushing a strand of my greyish brown hair off of my pale forehead. "You will learn to be respectful to me."

Brock then grabbed my shoulders, pushing down on them hard, as he jumped on top of me to straddle my hips. I jerked my eyes open and tried to get out of his grasp, wishing I had brought my hatchet with me into my bed.

"Brock! Get the fuck off of me!" I yelled at him, trying desperately to get out of his grasp.

"Sh Shhh Shh," Brock whispered, close into my ear. "If you behave, I'll give you a treat."

"And what will that be?" I asked, stopping my struggles for a

moment.

"I'll still marry you, even after I take away your virginity," Brock smiled, before forcing his lips against mine, as if trying to swallow me whole.

I felt his hands unbuttoning my grey tunic, pushing away from my breasts. My hands were trapped between his legs, and every time I moved, I accidentally grind my hips against his erected groin.

"Get off of me, you bastard," I yelled at him, struggling to get my arms free.

Brock ignored me, as he moved his hands down onto my breasts, all the while smiling like a mad man. I heard a roar outside, and I knew it was Onyx. I watched helplessly, as Onyx flew into the window and pushed Brock off of me, onto the floor.

"N-Night Fury!" Brock shrieked, as he quickly got to his feet, looking for anything that he could use as a weapon.

"Onyx," I breathed, slumping down onto my bed, trying to gain control of my breathing.

"Leaf, he's got you in sight," Brock shouted, as I felt Onyx creep into my bed, hovering over me in a protective manner.

I opened my eyes to see Onyx still glaring at Brock with her now cold sapphire eyes. I started to laugh, and saw Brock look at me with confusion.

"No, Brock," I snickered. "_She's_ got you in her sights, and if you leave now, and never speak of this ever again, I might allow you to live."

I saw Brock's face turn white as a ghost. I watched as he hurried out of my room, out of my home, screaming into the night.

"Come on," I said, gesturing for Onyx to get off of me. "Brock's a coward, but he will tell everyone in the village. We have to leave now."

I hurried and grabbed as many of my clothes and materials, such as leather, Gronkle Metal, and cloth, into as many baskets as Onyx could carry.

"Meet me in the front room and let me know if anyone comes," I said to her, and she raced down the stairs, leaving me to myself.

I hurried and undress, changing into my black leather and chain mail, that I made. The chain mail was made out of Gronkle metal during my research, seeing what kind of material Gronkles made with different types of rocks, and ore. the chain mail hugged my body as I grabbed my Night Sword, attaching the corresponding belt on my hip, along with a dagger and pouch that was filled with a small set of medical supplies.

I raced downstairs, down into my hidden roof, and gathered all the papers I had on all the dragons I research, stuffing them into a satchel that I strapped across my chest. I heard a roar from the

front door, and I raced up to see torches making their way to my house.

I went outside with Onyx and strapped the small baskets against her sides, leaving enough room for me; I was mentally thanking myself for conditioning Onyx for such occasions. I quickly grabbed my quiver and bow, and was just about to jump onto Onyx's back when the most powerful vikings filled the clearing of my home. At the front of the group was Erik.

Brock was hiding behind Erik, but trying to look tough at the same time. I looked into my father's eyes, and saw disgust in them, as well as hatred for me as well as my dragon. Mother was with the group as well, her eyes full of disgust, but had sadness in them as well. I realized these two were not my true parents, and that if I wanted to live free of them, I had to cut all ties. And that's exactly what I did.

"Leaf," I heard the anger deep inside of Erik's shout. "You have sentenced to death, as well as your dragon."

"Wow, no trial or anything," I laughed, pushing myself onto Onyx's back. "But unfortunately I have to get going. Sorry, Daddy, but no killing you for."

Onyx hurried and laughed herself into the sky, but not before an arrow pierced my left shoulder, through the chain mail. _ How was that possible?_ I asked myself, ignoring the shouts coming from the vikings still on the ground. I ripped the arrow out my shoulder, biting my lip to keep from screaming, all the while Onyx was climbing the air, avoiding the arrows and other projectiles, going in the direction of Berk.

I looked at the tip as we got closer to the moon, the light shining the blood stained arrowhead. I grabbed a handkerchief from the satchel around my waist and wiped away the blood to get a closer look. It was Gronkle Metal! Only Gronkle Metal can pierce itself, along with everything else.

I heard Onyx growl after I pulled it out, and sniffed the handkerchief as well as the arrowhead to investigate. Poison was on the tip of the arrow. I hurried and wrapped my shoulder with previously ripped cloth from my pouch, tying it tight to keep from moving too much.

I tried to stay awake, focusing on the wind against my face, but I started to fade out. I felt myself start to fall out of the saddle, but Onyx was able to land on a island, in a dense forest just as I fell out.

"Wow, that's fast acting," I chuckled, trying to focus on the worry-eyed Night Fury staring at me.

I felt Onyx grab the back of my clothes, lifting me up and setting me against a nearby tree. She took out one of her claws and ripped the bandage off my shoulder, leaving my new wound out in the open. I screamed in pain as Onyx blasted a small bit of her fire into the wound, making it burn just enough to stop the bleeding, and hopefully the poison.

"Thanks, I whispered, my vision blurring with every second that passed.

I watched, through a blurry vision, as Onyx blasted shots into the sky, making to burst with violet waves. I wish I could have stayed awake enough to see his Night fury land, but all I remember is the look of his worried face and me saying:

"So, we're on Berk. . . I'm free."

* * *

><p>Thanks for reading. I know this is a long chapter, but thanks for bearing with me until the end. It may take some time before the next chapter is up, so bear with me.

So. . .

ONWARD TO THE NEXT CHAPTER. :3

2. Savior

Welcome back to another chapter. Just so people aren't confused, this fanfic takes place after the first movie, not five years after it.

Hiccup's Home

Hiccup's POV

* * *

><p>Who would have ever guessed that Berk would become a place where dragons were pets, and not a hunting sport. Not me, that's for sure. But even more surprising is what Toothless and I discovered one night while writing things down in my journal.<p>

Toothless was trying to sleep, and I was writing about our day with the Academy, when a screech made Toothless and I lurched to the floor. We looked at each other, and we knew who could have made that sound.

A Night Fury.

The scream sounded against and the room light up with a faded violet hue. We looked out the window and saw blasts of violets fly into the sky and exploded into a ring of purple flames. Instantly, Toothless and I raced downstairs, passed my passed out father, who was also chief of Berk, and out into the open night off our village.

Almost everyone was asleep, except for a couple of guards patrolling, but they didn't pay attention to Toothless and I as we raced across the ground. I finally jumped onto Toothless' back when we got close to the forest, and we jumped into the sky to see another blast coming from our mysterious Night Fury.

We flew over the trees, adjusting out course with every shot in the air, until we found the source and landed a few feet away. The Night Fury noticed us almost right away and started to growl at us.

Toothless and I edged close towards the Night Fury, but soon stopped when the Night fury beared it's teeth.

Toothless and the Night Fury started to growl at each other, as though in conversation, and soon the Night Fury sidestepped to reveal a bundle of chain mail. I left Toothless with the Night Fury to see who was lying there.

It was Leaf from the Isle of Blood! I remembered her when Stoick and I went to see the Chief of the Isle of Blood, and I saw her there. Her eyes shined with a fascination with dragons, but never came forward. I only saw her stand next to her father. I only met Leaf once before, when we were very young.

* * *

><p>I met Leaf on my first trip to the Isle of Blood when I was about seven. Father thought it might help if I were to meet a child so skilled that she killed her first Monsterous Nightmare when she was a toddler. We met and she wore the largest sword I've ever saw. . . But then again I was smaller than a sheep.<p>

"Hi I'm Leaf Storm," the girl smiled at me when we first met, holding herself higher than any other viking on the isle.

"Storm?" I asked. "Don't you share the same last name of your dad?"

"Never liked the name," Leaf shrugged.

"That's my girl," The chief, Erik Hunterson, laughed, gripping arms with my father. "Leaf why don't you show Hiccup around the Isle, and make sure to teach him a thing or two about killing dragons."

Leaf started to walk away without saying anything to me, but with a push from my father I quickly followed behind her only to hear:

"I do hope she can turn Hiccup into a real viking. I don't want a hiccup anymore."

I followed leaf deep into the forest until we got to a clearing filled with circle of trees. Aspen, Pine, as well as oak and maple.

"So why did you bring me here?" I asked, brushing my fingers against the rough bark of a pine tree. "Are we going to kill some dragons."

"Nope." A simple answer and Leaf sat in the middle of the circle of trees, her sword discarded a long time ago.

I stood on the outside of the circle and watched. And she just sat. I tried talking a couple of times, but only hushed by one finger pressed against Leaf's lips. her eyes still closed. And she sat some more.

"I know that you don't like killing. Neither do I," Leaf said.

"But I want to kill," I tried to reason. "Being a viking is all I want to be."

"Wrong."

"What?"

"Wrong."

"What's wrong."

"You're dream."

"What do you mean. And why are you talking like one of the elders?"

"I can kill a Gronkle in less time than it takes for a viking to jump off a cliff. Killed a Monsterous Nightmare when I was three while when my parents were younger than I was then, they could only kill a Nadder or Gronkle. I must be the best viking in the world. But you are not a killer."

"I will be."

"Sit," Leaf spoke.

"Why?"

"Not going to say it again."

I entered the circle just to sit across from leaf a foot between us. a breeze blew her long greyish brown hair riding on the wind.

"Why are you going to do this?"

"Because I know you."

"We've never met."

"One look and anyone can see. . . Well as long as they have a brain like we do. So see, we both have more intelligence than all the other vikings put together. You are not like the Dragon Killers in our villages, now are we?"

"You don't know me. I'm a viking. The son of the Chief of Berk, Stoick the Vast. You don't have anything to prove. You killed a Monsterous Nightmare at the age of three. When I was three I was running from sheep."

"You're a different kind of viking, don't worry you won't remember today until you're ready."

"Why?"

"The Forgetful. The one dragon that you can never remember. No one remembers it because it can change it's appearance, can make you forget about your problems, make you forget everything. Even change your memories to accommodate the wishes of the one who summons him. . or her."

"What's the Forgetful?"

"Don't worry you're remember when the time is right. And the same goes for me. We'll both remember me trying to teach you how to swing a sword and you not being about to lift it. . . Should be fun having a different memory than the one you made yourself. You ready?"

* * *

><p>What is she doing here? Why is there another Night Fury protecting her?

A growl from Toothless made me turn to see the other dragon at her backside with a saddle made perfectly for her.

The dragon is hers! I quickly leaned over Leaf to see her open her eyes slightly and spoke with a sigh of relief.

"So I'm on Berk. . . I'm free."

Her eyes closed as she went into a restless slumber.

"Toothless, hurry." I turned to see my and Leaf's Night Furies in a heated conversation about something I couldn't understand. "Come on, we've got to get her to Berk."

Leaf's dragon quickly came to her master's side and with Hiccup's help lifted Leaf unto the dragon's back and walked all the way back to the entrance to the village of Berk. The entire village was up and looking at the sky, searching for the case of the Night Fury calls.

"Hiccup!" Stoick's voice boomed over all the murmuring from the vikings. "Where have you been?! You and Toothless better have not been doing any night flying again!"

"Not now, Dad," I said, walking past him with Toothless and the second Night Fury. "Leaf needs help."

"The girl from the Isle of Blood?" Stoick's face paled as he looked at the girl sleeping on top of the female Night Fury. "Isn't she Erik's daughter?"

"She's injured," I said, walking, now with Stoick, towards our house, with other vikings trailing behind us. "We need to help her."

"What if she's dangerous?" Stoick said. "She may be planning on killing our dragons!"

"She was with that Night Fury-" I pointed at her dragon, "-I think she wouldn't kill our dragons." _Not after that day I first met her._ _I cannot believe she made me forget._

We made it to our house, where I put Leaf on a bed of pelts and fur, and check her all over to find a burnt wound on her shoulder. Astrid, Fishlegs, and the others came in behind to see what the commotion was all about.

"She's been clearly poisoned," Astrid said, kneeling next to me. "But by what?"

"The wound looks like it's been pierced by an arrow," I answered.

"Her Night Fury must have closed the wound to keep her from loosing blood."

"Who would poison her?" Fishlegs asked.

"What kind of poison did they use?" Astrid asked as well.

"The vikings from the Isle of Blood," I answered Fishlegs' question. "But the poison. . . That's a-"

"Wait!" Astrid and Fishlegs said together. "Her own village did this to her?" Fishlegs asked. "Why?"

"They still hunt dragons," Stoick spoke softly, bringing a pile of blankets to where us teens huddled around Leaf. "If Leaf is here with a living Night Fury, that means that she broke off from her village and wants to take refuge here."

"What makes you think that?" Snotlout asked, eyeing Leaf cautiously.

* * *

><p>Suddenly, Leaf stirred in the bed of furs. She slowly opened her eyes, jumping back at the sight of the vikings in front of her.<p>

"Ah, she's awake," Stoick smiled broadly at the frightened girl on the bed of furs. "Snotlout, fetch her some food."

"Yes, sir," Snotlout nodded and went to the kitchen.

"I'll make sure he doesn't do anything stupid," Fishlegs whispered to Hiccup before following Snotlout, and Hiccup nodded in response.

"Wh-Where am I?" Leaf asked, looking around the room.

"You're in the chief's home," Astrid spoke before Hiccup or Stoick could. "Hiccup brought you here after you passed out in the woods."

"How did that happen?" Hiccup asked.

"Where's Midnight," Leaf asked frantically, ignoring Hiccup's question altogether.

"She's fine," Hiccup said, putting his hand on her shoulder. "She's upstairs with Toothless, my Night Fury."

"How did you come across another Night Fury, by the way," Astrid asked.

"She came by my campsite on day, and I fell out of tree," Leaf said, her cheeks turning a light shade of pink. "When I landed next to her, she started to growl at me. I didn't know what to do, so I put my hand out and turned away. She sniffed my hand, and pressed her head against it. After that she left, but visited several times."

"Didn't the others notice a huge Night Fury wondering around?"

Tuffnut asked, stratching his head, he and Ruffnut coming in upon her awakening.

"Yeah, last time we check, you guys hated dragons," Ruffnut spoke.

"I live alone, and I have always been fascinated with dragons," Leaf spoke. "I was the only one though. My father would sooner kill me than to try and understand."

"You father's the chief isn't he?" Stoick asked.

"Yes."

"Why didn't you try to run away sooner?" Hiccup asked.

"I was little and I didn't know where Berk was or anywhere else for that matter. I couldn't possible think about running away when my father would just come after me. The furthestmost I've ever ran was the edge of the island. I got attacked by a group of Deadly Nadders, and I didn't bring any weapons with me, so I kinda killed them all with my bare hands," Leaf looked down as if in shame.

"If we were still killing dragons, I would have been proud of you," Stoick spoke up patting Leaf's head, understanding shining in his eyes. "You can stay here as long as you want."

"We'll protect anyone who is willing to see that dragons are good and are willing to protect them," Hiccup smiled to Leaf, making her smile just a little bit. "You should get some rest. I'll look after Midnight for you."

"Okay, everyone clear out," Stoick called to the teenagers that gathered around.

"Aw, and I just finished making her some soup," Snotlout pouted, before walking away with the others, the bowl of soup still in his hands.

"You better not eat any of that though," Fishlegs spoke softly as he walked out the door. "He used fishbones, saying it 'builds strength'."

"Thank Fishlegs," Hiccup smiled as the large boy let the house, leaving Leaf, Stoick, and Leaf alone in the room; the Night Furies moved about upstairs.

"I think I'm going to head to bed now," Stoick yawned. "You two behave yourselves."

Stoick winked and let the two teenagers alone. A moment of listening to the the chief's snoring and the Night Furies soft breathing passed before Hiccup spoke.

"You remember what happened when we first met, right?"

"How I taught you how to swing a sword?"

"Not that memory," Hiccup said. "Remember the Forgotten?"

"I remember it as soon as I saw you," Leaf whispered.

* * *

><p>Hey guys, sorry it took almost forever, but Writer's Block is bitch when it affects your writing for about a year or more. Forgive me? I'll try to update sooner.

Anyway. . .

ONWARD TO THE NEXT CHAPTER! :3

End
file.